¶ Here begynneth the Nature, and Dyspolycyon of the dayes in the weke, and sheweth what the Thondre in euery Moneth in the yere, chaunsynge, doth pro; tende and sygnyfye/ with the course and dyspoſycyon, of the dayes of the Moone: whi; che be good, and whiche be badde: after the influ; entes of the Moone/ drawen out of a latey Boke of Aristotiles de Astronimis.

Hereafter folowe̅th of the vii. dayes in the weke.

HE that is borne vpon ỹ Sondaye in the daye tyme, shall be longe lyued, and his fortune is to be a great, and a noble man.

The that is borne vpon the Mondaye, eyther in ỹ day, or in ỹ nyght, his chaūce is to be strong, & valyaunt in al thyngs.

The that is borne vpon ỹ Tewesdaye, eyther in the nyght, or in the day, shalbe stronge, & nothynge coueytous, he shall be in perylle of a knyfe, or other weppyn, & shall scant come to olde age.

The ỹ is borne vpon wednesday eyther in ỹ day, or ỹ nyght shall be apte to lerne.

The that is borne vpon the Thursday eyther in the daye, or the nyght shall be gentyll to be spoken to, & shall be honorable, or he dye.

The that is borne vpon the Frydaye, eyther in the daye, or in the nyght, shalbe long lyued and gyuen greatly to lechery and to the lust of the flesshe.

The that is borne vpon the Saturday shall be longe lyued, but the course of the Moone be contrary to hym.

¶ Hereafter folowethe to shewe what Thondre in euery moneth of the yere chaunsynge dothe pro; tende, and sygnyfye.

THondre in Januarye, betokeneth great wyndes, habundaūce, & plēte of corne, and batell in the same yere.

¶ In Februarye it pronounceth great deth, and namely of tyche men.

¶ In Marche great tempestyous wynds and habundaunce of corne.

¶ In Apryl it pretendeth a mery a fruitfull yere to come to good a true people for vnthryftes as theues, & suche other be lyke to dye fast that yere.

¶ In Maye, it sygnyfyeth scarsenes, of cornes, and hunger amonge the people.

¶ In June it sheweth to vs great wynd defalles by reason of tempestes to be.

¶ In Julye a tyghte good and seasonable harueste, but the yonge fruyte of bestes of lykelyhode shall perysshe.

¶ In August it wyll, that all thynges do prosperously succede to ꝑ cōmen welthy sauynge ꝑ many shall fall sycke that yere.

¶ In September plentyth of cornes, and slaughter of great men.

¶ In Octobre it doth pronostycate scarsenes of corne, & of fruytes, and also blustrynge of wyndes.

¶ In Nouembre corne ynough, and Iocunde yere to men.

¶ In Decembre a good harueſt, ſeaſon, peace, concorde, and Vnyte amonge the people, that yere.

¶ The Prologue

God that all this worlde hath wrought
And all mankinde, hath made of nought
And on ꝑ croſſe ꝑs bought, with payne and wo
Sende vs grace, here for to do
That we all, ſynfull mankynde
To that great ioye, we maye wende
That he haue bought, vs all to
Whan he to deth, for vs was do
All thynges, that be done and wryten
As theſe, great clerkes knowen
Wryten they be, for our profyte
And drawen out, by clerkes wyte
Therfore lordynges, leſſe and more
Herken all, vnto my lore
And I ſhall rede, yow before

What

What tyme so, that a chylde be borne
Of that chylde, what it shall befall
That his endynge, in his happes all
And what betokeneth, our dremynge
That we meten, in our slepynge
Good or euyll, or Vanyte
All togyther, here shall ye
And also, what tyme is goode
Man or woman, to be leten blode
And all thynge, that is for to done
So sayeth the rule, of the moone
To tell you, I haue sought
What time is good, what tyme is nought
For by the moone, withouten lesynge
Is ruled, euery erthly thynge
Therof holy wryt, beareth wytnesse
And our fore fathers, as I gesse
Adam and Eue, and Abraham
And all the kyn, that of them cam
Beryth wytnesse, of this story
For it was made, by them truely
And take example, at them shulde we
Of our fore fathers, and prouyd haue be
Howe we shulde here, hyghe and lowe
Our destenyes, and our happes knowe
Therfore lordynges, I praye yow
For to herken, this begynnynge now.

¶ The fyrste Daye.

The fyrst day, of the moone Adam
Our forfather, i to this worlde cā
That day is good, without eny fyn
All thynges, for to begyn
The chylde, that is borne that day
He shall be noble, and wyse parfay
And of longe lyfe, without eny fayle
But often he shalbe, in great trauayle
And who so that day, take sycknesse
He shall lange longe, as I gesse
With great payne scape he shall
And therfore, thanke god of all
And what thou metest, in thy slepe
God of his mercy, therof take kepe
For it shall tourne the, to ioy and blysse
Wherof god gyue vs, grace not to mysse
But that day, is no tyme gode
In no maner, to be letten blode
Take the blode, on no Dayne
Who so wyll be, without eny payne.

¶ The .ii. daye.

¶ The seconde day, profytable ye
All thynges good, to do ywys
That day our Lorde, gan first make
Of mans rybbe. she was take
Who so a wyfe, ye day old or yonge take

That

That daye is good, weddynge to make
For who so that daye, wedde his wyfe
Togyther they shulde, haue longe lyfe
And often both, myrth and wo
So had Adam, and Eue also
Who so do any theft, that daye
He shall be taken, therwith parfaye
What chylde, so that daye be borne
Many vertues, lye hym before
A blyssed body, shall he be
Wyse in good, and of herte fre
Be it mayden, be it knaue
Joye ynoughe, it shall haue
Loue of man, and of woman
More than this boke, telle can
And who so that daye, take sycknesse
He shall soone be hole, as I gesse
What so in thy dreme, come to the
It shall tourne, in to Vanyte
And who so wyll, that daye bleede
It helpeth hym, yf he haue nede.

¶ The iii. daye.

¶ The. iii. daye Cayn, was borne
What so thou doest, that daye, is lorne
But thou serue, our heauen kynge
Therfore I rede the, withoutyn lesynge
That thou that daye, nothynge begyn

For ye shuld lesynt, it your syn
For Caym, for his synfull euen
Had the curse, of god in heuen
And who so that daye, take syckernesse
He shall be holden, longe in dystresse
That daye is not good, out to ryde
Nor no horse, for to stryde
And who so that daye, borne be
False and coueytous, be shall he
And lothe to gyue, the poore brede
And he shall do, a wycked dede
That thou dremyst, it turneth to nought
To let the blode, be not thy thought
For that daye, is metrycyous
And a daye, full perylous.

¶ The.iiii. daye.

¶ The iiii. daye, borne was Abell
That daye thou may, boldely and well
All that thou wylt, boldely begyn
Out taken dedes, that longe to syn
That daye is good, a mylle to bygge
And after heddes, of water to dygge
To open them, and let them renne
Both by felde, and by fenne
Who so be borne, that daye without fayle
He shall haue, a party trauayle
He shall be, a party lechoure

But

But he ſhal ſuffre, many a ſharpe ſhoure
He ſhall well, ouer ſcape all
And great ryches, hym ſhall be fall
And great welth, or that he dye
Who ſo that daye, do any folye
Or any theft, and therfore fle
Haſtely founde, ſhall he be
Who ſo that daye, in ſyckeneſſe fall
Soone dye, or waſte he ſhall
What thou thynkeſt, in thy dremynge
It ſhall amende, nor helpe no thynge
That daye is good, for euery man ywys
To paſſe the ſee, with marchaundys
That daye, to let the blode
Is neyther to moche euyll, nor gode.

¶ The. 8. daye.

¶ The. 8. day Abell, made his offeryng
For his ſynnes, to the heuen kynge
And Caym, made his ſacryfyce
That daye falſely, in all wyſe
That daye, is nought to take
Sacryfyce, theron to make
Who ſo that daye, borne be
Harde deſtenyes, haue ſhall he
He ſhall be euer, ſory and madde
In all his lyfe, therwith I ladde
In great trauayle, and in ſynne

And vnneth it ſhall, from hym wynne
That daye, who ſo do any treſpaſe
He ſhall be taken, with that caſe
Who ſo that daye, ſyckeneſſe haue
Medecyne nor no leche, ſhall hym ſaue
Who ſo that daye, to the ſee fare
He were better, not come there
That thou dremeſt, ſhalbe certayne
But tell no man, that in Layne
Yf thou wylt, that daye bleede
Aboute vndrene, thou ſhalt beſt ſpede
But loke that daye, thou do nought
But thynge, ỳ nede muſte be wrought.

¶ The. vi. daye.

¶ The. vi. day were born naby₹ ꝯ offrē
That were, two noble men
That daye is good, and happy to game
For to hunte, and byrdes to tame
The chylde that, that day borne ys
It ſhalbe hardy, and bolde ywys
Of longe lyfe happy to gode
Blythe and iol₹, and mylde of mode
And yf it, a mayde chylde be
Happen on a noble huſbande ſhall ſhe
And who ſo any, treſpace do
He may not ſcape, farre there fro
And who ſo ỳ day any ſyckeneſſe eatche

It

It ſhalbe ſtronge, alwaye to latche
For he ſhalbe, pyned with all
But at laſt, ſcape he ſhall
That thou dremyſt, ſoth ſhalbe
That thou ſhalt it, ſoone ſe
But loke thou telle it no man
For nought, that any frende can
But that day, is not gode
For to let any, Bayne blode
To the ſee, is good to fare
yf thou haue, any ſtuffe, or ware
Good tyme to bye, and to ſelle
And houſes to rere, and to tylle.

¶ The. vii. daye.

¶ The. vii. daye, was Abell ſlayne
That daye is good, for certayne
Beeſtes to put, in to paſture
And bores to gelde, ¶ ſhulde longe dure
What chylde, ſo that daye borne be
Good lyfe and longe, haue ſhall he
Letteryd and wyſe, with all
That aduenture, ſhall hym be fall
What maner man, that daye ſtele ought
ware hym well, he ſcapeth nought
Who ſo that daye, any man ſloo
To the ſame deth, he ſhall goo
But and thou take, ſyckeneſſe that daye

With medecyne, it ſhall ſoone awaye
That thou dremyſt, it ſhall be tyde
yf thou halfe a yere, abyde
But yf it betokeneth any wo
Good prayers, may it fordo
That daye is good, alſo to blede
To bye and ſell, thou ſhalt well ſpede
And with marchaundyſe, to the ſee pace
And good to wedde, yf thou haue grace
Good happe, thou ſhalt haue to wyfe
Peas and loue, in all your lyfe.

¶ The .viii. daye.

¶ The .viii. daye, was borne Matuſals
That had hony, and whete plente
That daye is good, yf thou it knewe
To delue with bene, and ſede to ſewe
To ſee to paſſe, truely to tell
And a wyfe to wedde, bye and ſell
yf he haue ben, wedded before
And haue that daye, a chylde I borne
Be it man, or woman I wyſſe
Through the lechery, it may do amyſſe
And with the deuyll, tempted and leede
And of ſynne before a dredde
Kynde, wyſe, fre, and amyable
Curteyſe and good, happy and ſtable
The name therof, ſhall wyde go

yf

yf thou ought, that daye my soo
Yf thou that daye, sykenesse fonge
It shall go soone, or lastelonge
But for sothe, I the seye
Of that sykenesse, shalt thou not dye
And he or she, be wedded that day
Shall well loue, eche other perfay
And eyther of other, be of lone I-lone
But yf thou tere, that day any hous
It happyth fayre, at the laste
Be throughe fyre, be not downe caste
Who so that daye, to the sole be setter
His kyn for hym, shall fare the better
Chafare that day, to by and sell
Is happy and good, truely to tell
Good or euyll, whether thy dreme be
Within foure dayes, thou shalt it se
But praye to God, that it be goode
That day is tyme, to let blode.

¶ The. ix. daye.

¶ The. ix. daye, is blysfed of Chryst
That day was born, S. Johñ enãgelist
That daye is good, to begynne
All thynges that touche no synne
Who so be borne, that same daye
Of moche ioye, tell he maye
In all thynges, he shall well spede

And

And be gracious, in worde and dede
Hardye, and slye, ware, and wyse
And greatly drede/and moche of pryse
And yf ye stele ought in felde or borow
That daye thou shalt be take thē thorow
But and thou that day, sykenesse take
It shall not longe do the wrake
Thy dremynge, thou shalt thy selfe soone
Within dayes fully fyftene (sene
That day thou may, boldly blede
In all thy dedes thou mygh̄t well spede
So be thou pray god, and seynt Johñ
To sende the grace well to don.

¶ The .x. daye.

¶ The .x. daye, was borne Noe
What chylde, so that daye borne be
He shalbe ryche lesse, I understande
And ren through, many dyuers lande
Who so that daye, fall in sykenesse
He shall with wo, scape I gesse
That daye is good, for other thynges
To bye and sell, and make weddynges
To passe the see, and let blode
And all other thynges, that ben gode
That thou wylt, begyn than
To goddes worshyp, and helpe of man
But what thou dremest, I tell the

It ſhall all tourne, to Vanyte.

¶ The .vi. daye.

¶ The .vi. daye, Seem was borne
That I warne, the before
To profytable, to do all thynge
So it fall, to no ſynnynge
What chylde, ſo that daye be borne
What he doth, it ſhall not be lorne
He ſhalbe, of great honoure
And alſo a great purchaſoure
What ſo, thy dremynge be
To ioye it ſhall, turne the
And euery tyme, of the daye
Let the blode, well thou maye.

¶ The vii. daye.

¶ The .vii. daye is good, as I ſay yowe
To do all thynges, to mannes prowe
So that thou, do no ſynne
It is happy, and good to all mankynne
That ſame daye, without leſſe
Was borne, the wyſe man Moyſes
The techer of good eu lawes, was he
What chylde, ſo that day borne be
Relygyous, he ſhall bee
Happy and wyſe, and ryght well the
And well beloued, fayre and hynde
And no deuyll, ſhall hym ſhende

Yf thou stele ought, and schape that day
Yet getteſt thou, harme therof parfay
If thou any, syckeneſſe take
Thou ſhalt lyue long, a ryght welſcape
If thou that day, any quayntaūce make
Of any woman, in ſynne to take
For her thou ſhalt haue ryght great ſtryfe
Or at the laſte, leſe thy lyfe
But yf thyne owne wyfe, ſhe be
Of thy dreame, ioye ſhalt thou ſe
That daye is good, and Vertuouſe
To bye, and ſell, and take ſpouſe
That pheſyke, wyll gyne the leue
To letthe blode, agayne the eue.

¶ The. viii.

¶ The. viii. daye, I wyll not let
That daye Noe, his Vyne gan ſet
That daye is good, and profytable
What ſo thou do, without fable
Therof thou ſhalt haue, good endynge
yf thou myſlyke not, the heuen kynge
But what wyfe, ſo that day haue chylde
It ſhall be wycked, angry and wylde
Dyſcyous, recheleſs, and hardy
And tempynge men, to great folſy
Throughe hym they ſhulde, to ſworne be
But longe tyme, ſhall it not lyue (dwyne

yf a mayde chylde, borne be
Lone Venus play, cuet ſhall ſhe
Dyels, in her chyldhode dye
That daye is good, to ſell, and bye
And with marchaundyſe, the ſee to paſe
But who ſo ſtele ought, me ſhal hym cha
And taken he ſhalbe to pryſowne (ſe
Or with enemyes, ſlayne adowne
Yf thou that daye, take ſyckeneſſe
It ſhall holde the longe, as I geſſe
And Vnneth ſhall thou ſcape
And what thou dremyſt, in thy ſlape
The next moone, thou ſhalt knowe
yf it be thy hatme, or prowe
yf thou wylt blede, that day
By feſyke, without paryll thou maye.

¶ The .viiii. daye.

¶ The .viiii. day, noe bleſſyd his ſone ſem
As he ſtode, in the ſonne glem
That day do boldely, what thou wylt
So thou do good, no myſgylt
And thou ſhalt well ſpede parfay
And what chylde, be borne that day
He ſhalbe both ryche, and wyſe
yf he be ſet to marchaundyſe
And yf he be, another maner man
Of hym tell you, I can

He ſhalbe proude, hardy, and ſtronge
But he ſhall not, be of lyfe longe
yf thou ſteke ought, in fen or fryth
Thou ſhalt be takey, ſoone therwith
And yf thou that daye ſyckeneſſe lateth
No medycyne ſhall it, awaye catche
Thy dremynge, is trewe, and good
And that day, is tyme to let blode.

¶ The .xv. daye

¶ The .xv. daye, faught Samuell
With his enemyes, tyght his fell
Who ſo that daye, any thynge begyn
Profyte getteth, he none therin
Who ſo that daye, borne is
He ſhalbe, tyght perylous ywys
Hardy and good, of conſcyence
Wyſe and bolde, of defence
And oft he ſhall haue, tene, and wo
By lande, and by water alſo
And in peryll of water, be he ſhall
Or be ſlayne, ſome ſwerde withall
Who ſo that day, fall ſyckeneſſe in
It ſhalbe harde, therfro to wyn,
And yf thou any, theſte do
Therfore thou, ſhalt haue wo
That thou dremeſt, in thy ſlepe
Loke thou therof, take no kepe

yf thou haue/any thynge to done
Abyde a better tyme/of the moone
yf thou that day/ſhal dayne blode blede
In the mornynge/thou ſhalt beſt ſpede.

¶ The. xvi. dare.

¶ The. xvi. day/was Boos borne
That daye/in the morowe before
Are thou/any thynge begyn
Betue hym that made/all makyn
And what thou wylt/do boldely
Of thyngꝫ that true men: ſhulo lyue by
Bye and ſell/I the plyght
And do ſo/what thou wylt with ryght
Good ſpede thou ſhalt/haue t. e beforne
But what chylde/ſo that day be borne
He ſhall be a good/chriſten man
And helpe the poore/all that he can
By kynde ſkyll/alſo he ſhall
Be a membre/of an hoſpytall
Lyue longe/and a true man be
But riches he getteth/neuer great plenty
Who ſo ſteke ought/that day certayne
Therwith he ſhall/be taken agayne
Who in ſyckenſſe/ꝑ day is downe caſte
He ſhall lye longe/out ſcape at the laſte
Of what thynge/thy dremynge be
Within thre yere/thou ſhalt it ſe

That day also, withouten drede
Boldely thou may, Dayne blode blede.

¶ The. vii. daye.

¶ The. vii. daye, I wyll begyn
Sodom, and Gomor, sonke for syn
Better than, that daye is none
All synfull thynges, for to done
What wyfe, so that day haue chylde
It shalbe both, meke and mylde
Blyssed, and wyse, and of longe lyfe
Wery, and furthmore, withouten stryfe
But who so that daye, do any theft
Hir ioyes therof, shulde be reft
To by and sell, and the see to passe
That daye is good, happe and grace
And also, to make weddynge
And good also, for blode lettynge
Yf thou be sycke, in any wyse
Thou shalt lye longe, & afterwarde ryse
And what thou metest, in thy dremynge
In shorte tyme, it is cõmynge.

¶ The. viii. daye.

¶ The. viii. daye, Isaac was borne
That many vertues, lye hym before
That day, whan thou hast serued Jhesu
Je good, and full of vertu
To do what so thou, haue delyte

for

For it ſhall tourne the, to profyte
Or any other thynge that ie to done
yf that no ſynne, therof come
And what chylde, ſo be borne that day
A brawler, he ſhalbe: parfay
Full of wordes, and of ſtryfe
Proude, and ſlowte, and ſhorte of lyfe
Who ſo do any theft, that ſtonde
Within ſeuen dayes, he ſhalbe founde
yf thou ſ day, to any ſyckneſſe be ſhape
Thou ſhalt lye longe, or ryght well ſcape
Within fortye dayes, certayne
Thy helme ſhall betyde or all thy payne
That day is, no tyme good
Dy no manr, to be letten blode.

¶ The .xiy. daye.

¶ The .xiy. day, I wote well that
Iſaac, Jacob his ſone begat
That daye is good, for many thynge
For to bye and ſell, and the ſee paſſynge
And for to lerne, ony maner laundyſe
And all maner, workes of pryſe
that day thy worke, thou ſhalt nought le
But yf thou any, ſynful werke chefe (ſe
But what chylde, ſo that day borne ys
He ſhall be wyſe, and true ywys
Worſhypfull, and wyſe of lore

His pryse shall waye, more and more
yf thou sicke, or sicke that day
Thou shalt be slayne, therfore parfay
yf syckenesse, do the trauayle
Throughe medycine, thou shalt bestayle
Thy dreme, shall be good and sothe
And hastely founde, withouten othe
But that daye, for sothe to sayne
Is euyll to bleede on any vayne.

¶ The .xx. daye.

¶ The .xx. daye, blysſed Isaac
His sone Jacab, and spake
That day is good & happy without drede
All chrystyn men, to helpen in erde
Do boldely, that daye thy wyll
So thou greue not, god yll
Who so be borne that day, throughe happe
God hath gyuen hym, a fayre shappe
yf he vse hym, to trauayle
He shalbe stronge, in euery batayle
yf husbandry, vse wyll he
Wyse of tylthe, he shall be
yf he the scole vse, I say yow
He shall be clerke, good Inow
yf he wyll, to any other craft go
He shall be wyse, and sotell ynough also
Who so any theft do, or be qued

It

It shall hym brynge, to wycked ded
Who so that day, any syckenesse take
He shall lyue longe, and tyght wel scape
That thou dremest, it shalbe sothe
Blode lettynge. that day good dothe.

¶ The .xxi. daye.

¶ The .xxi. daye, throughe gode Dertu
Was borne. the wyse man Esau
That day is good, for lewde and clerke
To begyn, euery good chrysten werke
What so thou do ye daye, thou shalt spede
So that thou do, no synfull dede
What chylde so, that day borne be
A stronge theefe, be shall he
And gyue hym, to mocke foly
But he shall knowe, moche clergy
yf thou lese that daye, thyne owne catell
Thou fyndest them neuer, I tell ye well
And yf any thefte, be done that day
It shal be soũde agayr, or taken parfay
yf a mayden, that day chese
A lemman, or her maydenhod lese
And she by hym, any chylde haue
Be it mayde, be it knaue
It shalbe roughe, as a swyne
And by his owne, mother lyne
And on his owne mother a chylde begets

That fysshes or beestes, shal deuour a ele
And yf a man, that day so dye
His wyfe lyuynge after, I you sey
Sh[illegible] shall after, that he is dede
Lyue euermore, in clene wedowehede
And serue ryght well, god almyghty
And helpe, the moste nede full truely
And yf thou ỳ day, lese thy leue wyfe
After that she is deed, truely all thy lyfe
Thou shalt, with good deuocion
Gyue the to an house of relygyon
yf any sycknesse, that day the greue
It shall the slee, ryght soone I beleue
Thy dreme shalbe certayne, and goode
And that daye, is tyme to let blode.

¶ The .xvii. daye.

¶ The .xvii. daye, Was borne Josephe,
Of that day beware, and kepe the
For it is harde, for many thynge
To begyn that day, Ruthen lesynge
But it is good, truely to tell
Buylde howsynge, to wed bye, and sell
Or pylgrymage, the waye to take
And all skylfull, couenaunte to make
But yf thou go, to the see with goode
Whate the from, the salte flode
Who so be borne that day, well I synde

he

He ſhall be lecherous, by kynde
And by kynde, he ſhalbe relygyous
And a man, ryght trauaylous
yf ſyckeneſſe that daye, take Wrethe
And yf it take hym, helpeth no leche
yf thou any thynge ſtele, it ſhall the ſle
Thy dreme, ſhall all to toye go
Euery tyme, of that is gode
yf thou wylt, be letten blode.

¶ The .xxiii. daye.

¶ The .xxiii. day, for certayne
Was borne, Mary magdelayne
That day is good, and Vertuous
But that chylde, ſhulde be lecherous
That on that ſame day, is borne
His lyfe for women, ſhalbe lorne
That day is good, the ſee, to paſſe
Thanke we god, of his fayre grace
Good to lyue, and ſell, and to wedde
And thy wyfe, to bringe to bedde
With her, thou ſhalt haue ioy, and game
And fayre children, ye ſhall haue in ſame
That daye is blode lettynge. not helth
That day, is good, begynnynge of telth
Who ſo that daye, her maydenhod leſeth
Lechery for euermore, ſhe cheſeth
By kynde ſkyll, ſhe ſhall truely

Harne no man, of her body
Thou shalt haue ioy, of thy dremynge
Thou dotest, yf thou stele any thynge
yf thou be sycke, on any maner wyse
Then shalt soon dye, or elles, soon ryse.

¶ The. xviiii. daye.

¶ The. xviiii. day, without enye
Was borne, the wyse man Pharoste
That daye is good, without enye fayle
To begyn euery, ryghtfull batayle
That day is good, for euery marchaunt
To bye, and sell, and make comenaunt
To wed, and passe the see with ware
And not no pylgrymage, to fare
That daye is good, and noble of pryse
For all maner, of marchaundyse
And for men, of craft also
That their crafte, wyll trede to
What chylde, so that day borne is
He shalbe, a wyse man ywys
And a man, of great honoure
And noble, wherpoure
And yf it, a woman be
Sondry husbandes, haue shall she
And euer at honoure, lyue she shall
And be ryche ynoughe with all
yf syckenesse, that day the greue

It ſhall from the, at morowe ouer
yf thou that daye, any thynge ſtele
Thou ſhalt not haue it, longe in hele
Thou ſhalt haue ioy, of thy dremynge
That daye is tyme. of blode lettynge
Who ſo her maydenhod, leſe that daye
With preeſtes, ſhe ſhalbe ſclaundred aye.

¶ The. xxv. daye.

¶ The. xxv. day, faught phato the kyng
With his enemyes, without leſynge
Than is tyme to begyn, to ſowe corne
But what chylde, ſo that day be borne
It ſhalbe, ryght meruaylous
And euer more beſy, and couetous
And walkynge wyde, I vnderſtande
In many ſondry, dyuers lande
And ſuffre peryll, & many harde chaũces
For his lynes ſuſtenaunce
For to wedde, that daye is goode
To bye, and ſelle, and let blode
But who ſo go, that daye to the ſee.
Or he come ouer, drenched ſhalbe he
Alſo I warne you, euery one
That ye that daye, begyn thynge none.
Other than, ye here me ſaye
That ye may be, ſafely that daye
Yf thou y daye, in any theft do treſpaſe

Thou ſhalt dye, for that caſe
yf thou that day, ſyckeneſſe take
It ſhall neuer, of the ſlake
yf thy dreme, good, or euyll be
Within foure dayes, thou ſhalt it ſee

¶ The. ypp̄i. daye.

¶ The. ypp̄i. day, without leſynge
Is good, for all maner of thynge
Both for man, and for beeſt
In wod in watre, fryth and foreſt
But theſe, I forbyd the
Weddynge, and paſſynge ouer the ſee
For that day, dioun̄ed kynge Phara
And. ii. hondred, with hym alſo
All the other thynges, I the forbede
That thou begyn, for no nede
That than begyn, no maner thynge
But abyde, a bitter tymynge
But yf a chylde, be borne that daye
It ſhall haue harpe, of manyfolde aye
He ſhall neyther, be poore nor ryche
But be hardy & bolde, & worke mālyche
Who ſo that daye, any theft make
Handebande, he ſholde be take
yf thou be ſycke, in any wyſe
Take the redy, thou ſhalt not ryſe
But thy dreme, to nought ſhall fall

And

And blode letynge, agayne thou call.

The .vij. daye.

¶ The .vij. day, was borne Berien
That daye is good, to bye, and selleyn
The see to passe, weddynge to make
And all other, good workes to take
yf it toucheth no perynge
That daye is tyme, of blode lettynge
Who so be borne, that daye truely
He shalbe both wyght, and sly
And great frendshyp, he shall haue
And a fayre happe, hym selfe to saue
What mayden, ye daye any may take
But yf it be, for weddynges sake
No more after, warne shall she
No man to chaste, of chastyte
And yf any husbande, a wydowe take
All her breade, shall soone be bake
yf syckenesse that day, downe the drawe
Thou shalt lye longe, and tourne to lyue
Thy dreme, shall tourne, ioye to the
Within a month, thou shalt it se.

¶ The .viij. daye.

¶ The .viij. day, was borne Sapson
Boldely do ye day, what thou wylt don
So thou greue not God, therwith
Thou shalt well spede, in towne, & fryth

What chylde, so that day borne be
In great trauayle, he shall be
And euer besy, and sory
And trewe, as any sterre truely
Yf thou that day, any sykenesse fele
Thou shalt lye longe, & after haue hele
Yf thou that daye, stele ought
With the pryson, it shalbe brought
But ware the well, of lettynge blode
For that day, is no tyme goode
That thou metest, in thy dreme & nyght
It shall the tourne, to Joye full ryght.

¶ The .xxix. daye.

¶ The .xxix. day, was borne Salomon
Loke thou that day, begyn thynge non
For yf thou do, I say truely
Thou shalt lyke, nothynge therby
But who so, that day borne is
He shalbe, of great pryse ywys
He shall haue welth, ynoughe at wyll
And lykynge of women, all his fyll
Ryche nor poore, warneth hym none
All his lykynge, with him to done
And yf it, a mayde chylde be
Meke, & mylde, and curteyse be shall she
Fayre of face, and amyable
And to men, delectable

And

And or ſhe be, of any age
She ſhalbe maryed, to great lynage
That wyues huſband, ſo that day be ded
She ſhall lyue euer more, in her wydowhed
Yf ſyckeneſſe that day, do the tranayle
Therof thou ſhalt, ſoone be hayle
yf thou ſtele ought: thou ſhalt haue ſham
But blode lettynge, is not to blame
All thy dreme, to good tourned ſhalbe
Without cuyll, as I ſaye the.

¶ The. xxx. daye.

¶ The. xxx. daye, was borne Abſolon
That daye is good, to begyn vpon
Chyldren to ſet, to ſcole to lett
To bye and ſell, and howſynge to rere
To bargen, to wedde, to paſſe the ſee
To begyn telthe, and graffe on tree
That daye what woman, do lechery
She ſhall neuer leue, that foly
But what chylde, that daye borne ys
He ſhalbe good, ware and wyſe
Be it mayden, be it knaue
Joye ynough, ſhall it haue
Yf it a mayden, chylde be
Soon ſhall be, her deſtyne
That all men, ſhall deſyre her than
And alſo yf it, ſhulde be a man

All women, both whyte and blake
Wyll desyre hym to her make
And thou pycke, or stele that day ought
To the tructh, he shalbe brought
Thy dreme, shal tourne to great trauayl
Or thou shalt falk, to great paryll
That daye also, is tyme goode
Yf thou wylt blede, Vayne blode.
¶ Nowe haue ye herde, olde, and ponge
Descryed many, dyuerse thynge
Of marchaūdise, dremys, & chyldrē byrth
Of bledynge, weddynge, & other myrth
And by our formest, fathers wytnesse
But I warne you, both more and lesse
That ye be neuer, the more bolde
For any thynge, that I haue tolde.
¶ Finis.

¶ Imprinted by me Robert Wyer/dwel
lynge at the sygne of saynt Johañeū
geliste, in saynt Martyns paryshe
in the Duke of Suffolkes reni
tee/beside charynge
Crosse.